

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 105.

MENTAL TWISTS AND TURNS.

A friend writes me: "Are you contented in the Home colony?" Let me emphatically say, NIT. I once had the exalted happiness of living in the "sweetest place upon earth's face," to wit, Topolobampo Bay! (Ever hear of it?) I was not content there—hardly! And tho' this is home, sweet home, for many of us, in a true, deep and inner sense, yet, I, like many of the crowd, am exceedingly DISCONTENTED. "Seolah!" as the psalmist saith. It's a sign of my growth; anyway it's a sign that I am not stagnating—quite. I never expect to be content in this "dull suburb of the world Elysian," and I doubt if I shall be up yonder. I certainly shall not if it is anything like the Christian heaven. By the God of my father and my mother (especially her) I do hope that there will be a "great gulf fixed" between me and it!

"Man can enter paradise, but once." This place isn't. N.B.—Folks, if you think of coming to this neck of the woods under the impression that it is a Garde of Eden let me repeat Punch's advice to those about to marry: "Don't."

"Are you going to stay?" did I hear someone whisper? Like a mother in law. That is if I can, but I am kind of hard up just now and this doesn't happen to be a charitable institution, or a home for unfortunates, like some cooperative colonies I wot of. It's an individualistic-anarchistic community and what is needed here is MEN and WOMEN! Not "forked radishes," not civilizes, not anyone simply desirous of trying something new, seeking to escape from ennui—or themselves! It takes grit, gristle and groats to make headway here. We have nothing in common—not even wives, strange to relate.

It was a homeless man that wrote

"There's no place like home."

There certainly isn't. That is, not like this HOME. It fills a long-felt want—for me; others must speak for themselves. The place is great, it's unique, it's just what is needed, yet I readily admit that the love of it is an "acquired taste," something like the relish for caviare, raw tomatoes, or Postum Cereal Coffee (which same, by the by, is very far from being "coffee"). It kind of grows on one and becomes indispensable, so to say.

Folks come here just on a visit, and stay like a woman in a millinery store. Fact! If you don't believe it, come and try the thing yourself. Of course, the spark of discontent must have been kindled in your breast; you must be an individual seeking to stand alone. You must dislike and despise the straight-laced conventionalities of "sassity" (with its big S) and be tired of the commercial city and its sidewalks with the listless faces of the weary, pent-up throng, or you certainly won't have the gladsome feelings that I have about this place. But if you have the above qualifications, have a little spondulix, an

average amount of stick-to-itiveness, wish to commune with nature, be in touch with some souls who are striving to be, as Whitman says, "free, natural and nonchalant persons" then come right along. I'll undertake to say that you'll not repeat the trip or the experiment.

He was a great old philosopher, was Sanchez Panza! A gauzier may be, but no gosling; he knew a good thing when he saw it, and he generally tried to stay with it! That quaint-like, tub-like mortal had more commonsense under one of his greasy fingernails than the whole corporeal frame of the theorist, his master, Don Quixote—that conceited titfer against "windmills." (Say, did it ever strike you how like he is to some of our modern reformers—Populists, Socialists, cooperators, et al? Why—but here! that's another issue, as Kipling would say.)

We were talking of the squire of the Knight of La Mancha and philosophy. Listen to the fellow!

"I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will I should be contented, and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired—and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end to it!"

Ye Anarchists, ye! How's that for a gospel? That's according to Sanchez. It suits me down to the ground—does it you? If not, why not? R. S. V. P.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not wined nor dined alone,
Under the blindbeating of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed!"

Do you say that, brother, and say it honest? If so, shake! For you are either a relative of Samson or of Ananias. Strong men, both, and I admire both—in a way.

Mona Caird wrote a book once upon a time entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" Did you read it?" "No." Well, never mind. Have you answered the question? Or do you just shirk it?

"Marriage is Freedom disappointed," so says E. C. Walker. What do you think about it, anyhow? Or don't you think?

"Wedding rings worse are than manacled wrists.
Such is the creed of the Positivists."

So wrote in derision Mortimer Collins in "Punch" a decade or two ago. I heartily laughed at the poem when I chanced across it, but I am now positive that the creed is correct. The Latians said "The times change and we change with them;" I guess we do—at least some of us do. Are you one of them?

A CRANE.

"Truth is the best seed whereof we have the fruit; for every grain of truth we plant, someone will reap a harvest of welfare."

THINGS.

"Thoughts are things."

If liberty does not mean wider activity, broader character and greater strength, it is useless to the individual. Even then the world has no right to govern him—he should be advised to choose a guardian.

Love should bless not only the present moment, but all the time to come. If love does not bring bliss to lover and loved one in the passing hour, and also in the future with its beautiful memories, it is not love, but some mocking shadow of it.

Justice was once a terrible word. To "meet one's just deserts" was as bad a fate as could befall one. Preachers pictured the justice which God would visit on sinners' heads in such lurid colors that men howled and women shrieked for mercy. The whole "plan of salvation" was a scheme by which one might squirm out of meeting the just retribution of one's deeds. This was before people learned the wisdom of "making the punishment fit the crime." Science has shown us that pure justice is all we need. Charity, benevolence, philanthropy and many other virtues may be dispensed with, "so that justice reign."

Poor old Declaration of Independence! Between the philosophical radicals, who discard it for lack of accuracy, and the new school of imperialists, who wish no longer to be hampered by the principles it infers, it bids fair to fall into innocuous desuetude. Who read it aloud this Fourth of July? Between the officious, to whom it would sound "incendiary;" the purely "scientific," to whom everything is "natural" and nothing is intentionally created; and the new military-spirited class, to whom it is "back number," we think it might be hissed off the stage altogether. Poor, grand, old forefathers! Already you were hot-headed and old fashioned.

Denver, Colo. LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

WHAT LOVE IS.

Comrade Noe desires to have love defined. Abstractly it is an illusion. I do not think there is such a thing in reality. It is a composite affair, composed of two things—passion (desire) and friendship; each exists separately; when together we call it love; although friendship is seldom recognized as love as I use the term. Like morals, it is merely a convenient expression—used for the want of something better.

Webster says it is a compound of esteem and benevolence and animal desire. Such a definition negates abstract love.

We may desire a person without their knowledge or consent, so with esteem. A man says he loves a woman. Make him understand that sex association is impossible. Result—(1) friendship or (2) indifference, usually the second. It

is so with woman, only she does not analyze, and also she is more easily gratified by the superficial in the association.

When I say it is an illusion, I mean that it is the result of the imagination, the emotional arising within us, our sexual side demanding, the craving of an organic need for its rightful food.

We desire, therefore, to gratify it, we say we love. It is but desire clothed in a mythical garb called love. Independent of sex desire love does not exist. If we will analyze closely we will admit it. If it be an independent thing it should exist after satiety. There is no record of this sort of love doing so.

As long as there is hope for sexual success we love; if there is no hope we don't. If it were an independent thing we would love independent of sex either before or after satiety.

In speaking of love I mean sexual love, no other. That it is but an emotional condition, caused by a pleasing personality, creating a desire which, if gratified, will cease to exist as love, seems to me logical.

It is sexual—all love—merely one organism needing an outlet for a desire that is logical and organic. And if we desire a person and cannot have them, if we analyze very closely we will find that instead of its being a divine or independent instinct, any other person of attractive qualities will do for the gratification of said need; thus negating a love divine or apart from our sexual nature. Let Jones give his side. This is merely a woman's side which, I think, is analyzed to a point where I dare say there is no such thing as love—it is desire.

BERT BRUCK,
603 Charles Block, Denver, Colo.

The debts contracted by the nations through war and misgovernment have assumed such proportions that it is utterly impossible for the people to pay the interest on them and they are increasing all the time. There is a fable of a tree that grew in a king's garden, and no one could be found to cut it down, because whenever a chip was cut out two grew in its place. So it is with these debts, the more interest the people pay the bigger the mountain of debt becomes; the money flowing into the coffers of the bondholders is reinvested to increase the debt. The evil grows like a cancer by what it feeds on.—Ex.

Individualism, as I understand it, is not the selfishness of one man opposed to the selfishness of other men, and determined to have its own way at any cost. It is, rather, the principle of self interest elevated and applied to all men. The true individualist is as much interested in the welfare of others as in his personal welfare. He sees the necessary and vital connection of all human interests. For his own advantage he would have all men at their best, in full possession of their power and free to give the highest value to their lives.—Vicar E. Southworth.

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THE POSTOFFICE AND VOLUNTARY COMMUNISM.

In No. 102 of DISCONTENT G. H. Allen, replying to J. A. Wilson, cites the post office as an affirmative illustration in his defense of voluntary Communism. Will Mr. Allen state in what one respect the national postoffice system is voluntary? Can he show that it is communistic in more than one respect? Here are the facts, in brief:

The postoffice system is not voluntary, because,

1. Like every other department of government, no rival system is tolerated, so far as the carrying of letters is concerned; competition is rigidly excluded by the imposition of a prohibitive tax upon each letter carried by a private company, this tax being equal to the amount of the government's charge for carrying that letter.

2. The postoffice is subject, in all its operations, to majority law, and such law, necessarily, totally disregards the wishes and voluntary action of the individual.

3. No citizen can send through the mails what he wishes to send if what he wishes to send does not have the approval of other persons, as postoffice inspectors, agents of vice societies, and federal judges and juries.

4. Deficits (resulting from bad business management) are made good by compulsory taxation.

The postoffice is not a voluntary community system, because:

1. Its service is not for "each according to his needs," but for each according to his payments, as in ordinary business transactions. If Mr. Allen cannot get a cent stamp he cannot send a letter by mail.

2. All deficits are made good, not by voluntary contributions, but by compulsory taxation.

To sum up: The national postoffice system, as now administered, is not voluntary in any sense. It is communistic in one respect only, that of the distribution of losses, but this distribution is effected by compulsory instead of voluntary methods.

I should define the postal system as cooperative, in its general features, but having its efficiency greatly lessened by government control, state socialistic and compulsory communistic adjuncts, moralistic mediocres, and the vacillating and wasteful business methods inseparable from official direction.

I fear that Mr. Allen has not very closely observed the operations of the postal system of this country; if he had, he would not ask wherein "shiftlessness and disorder" are manifested. The annual deficit tells its own story, while the swiftly successive "rulings" of the department are the despair of every publisher and dealer who has occasion to use the postoffice. And I wonder how Mr. Allen classifies the capricious despotism of the Comstock censorship—does

he put it in the category of the order which is born of liberty? I should suppose that Mr. Allen would not hesitate a minute before characterizing tyranny as disorderly, but it seems that he has doubts, for he asks where in the postal system are to be found evidences of disorder.

I write this not as a Communist, but as one who believes that the chief obstacle in the way of progress is confusion of thought, and who, consequently, objects to the classification of our postal system as voluntarily communistic when it is not voluntary, and hence is compulsorily communistic when communistic at all.

E. C. WALKER.

New York City.

If Comrade Walker will read my answer to J. A. Wilson over again I think he will see that I did not intend the postoffice as an example of voluntary or any other kind of Communism. J. A. Wilson stated that old stricture on cooperative effort, viz., "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and I simply took the postoffice and the ownership by an Odd Fellows' lodge of a block of buildings and used them as illustrations to show that cooperative ownership and cooperative production did not necessarily produce a waste. I had nothing to say as to the justice of its management. I agree with all that Comrade Walker says.

GEO. H. ALLEN.

DOESN'T LIKE OUR PLAN.

Dear Comrades: I have been receiving DISCONTENT, through your kindness or the kindness of someone else, for over six months, but of late it has ceased to appear. I have been wanting to notify you before you quit sending it that I was willing to pay for it, if possible, this coming fall, but have neglected it until now. Now, I wish you would send me the paper, and the missing numbers also, and I will try and pay up this fall.

I do not approve of your colony scheme of establishing towns and streets and acre lots, etc. We should form neighborhoods on farms to begin with. Your town plan makes me sick. Cheap land where hay, milk, butter, eggs meat, grain and vegetables can be produced on a large scale after the first summer is my idea. This can be done as yet on prairie lands.

Let me tell you what my family and I have done inside of a short time, and the oldest of the children is only 13 years, and they are five in number. And, of course, my so-called "woman" is a smart worker both indoors and in the field and among animals, too. Here is what we accomplished: One year ago the 17th day of June there was not a furrow broke on our 131 acres, the whole being in its natural state. But now it has 30 acres of nice growing corn, four acres of potatoes and a large garden, also some sod corn of this year's breaking. There is pasture land enough to pasture 25 grown cattle from year to year, also enough hay bottom to yield 25 tons of hay per year. And, to make the matter short, I will say that it would take all the people of Home one year to eat up our production in all of its branches, or, at least, it would do so if our place was in full use as it could be or should be. I doubt very much whether you people of Home can show

up in human necessities to the extent that I claim we have done. This land cost only \$6.50 per acre and it seems to me that while you murder a tree and get rid of the stump I can break two ares.

I. W. HERMAN.

We are at a loss to know why it is that you do not get your paper. Your name is on our list, and every number that has been issued has been mailed to you. We do not know what numbers you have missed. If you will let us know we will supply those that we have. Pay for it when you can, it's all right.

I'm afraid your idea of settling on farms in a prairie state would make most of us "sick." Several here are from places like you describe. The logs and stumps are hard to get rid of to be sure, but we have so many advantages here that more than make up for that that you would have a hard job to get us to see your way.

Don't go to crowing about what your crops are, or we might be tempted to tell you a few facts about ours here which might make you turn green with envy. But no one can appreciate anything another tells him concerning us and this place.

When a prairie-raised man comes here he is usually sorry for us that we have such poor land and such hard work to clear it. But what a change comes over him when he stays long enough to eat new potatoes as large as goose eggs by the 1st of June, as we did this year, and see the wonderful vegetation of this part of the country. Fruit is in such abundance that often prunes and plums have rotted on and under the trees for the want of time to care for them.

Tastes differ. You may never see us here, but I'll assure you that few, if any, here would take your whole farm for their one acre here. We are not all farmers. Most of us are mechanics. I am using but half an acre of land. I may be a little lazy or slow, but I often find that it keeps me busy enough to attend to that much. I shall eventually use another acre for pasture for a cow and a half acre for chickens. I may use more, but I doubt it.

Our location on an arm of the sea where the tides are constantly changing, is not the least of our attractions. Boating, bathing and fishing help us to enjoy life. We are sociable beings. We are not living simply to produce more than we consume to sell the surplus to someone who will give us but a partial compensation for it. It seems easy enough to produce things, but not so easy to make our living by selling these products.

I like your spirit in expressing your ideas—so blunt and genuine, but you must remember that often what one likes another can't endure. I could not be contented on one of your farms. I would prefer closer neighbors, a better location, a nicer climate, but everyone to his liking, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

GEO. H. ALLEN.

War is a profession by which men cannot live honorably; an employment by which the soldier, if he would reap any benefit, is obliged to be false and rapacious and cruel. Nor can any man who makes war his profession be otherwise than vicious.—Machiavelli.

WAR.

From hill to hill he harried me:
He stalked me day and night;
He neither knew nor hated me;
Not his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me,
For such they made his law;
Then foot by foot I fought to him,
Who neither knew nor saw.

I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leaped up in the air;
My screaming ball tore through his breast
And lay embedded there.

It lay embedded there, and yet
Hissed home, o'er hill and sea,
Straight to the aching heart of her
Who ne'er did wrong to me.

—Ainslee's Magazine.

THE EFFECT OF MONOGAMY.

H. Campbell believes that all non-accidental deaths occurring before the end of reproductive life are, racially considered, deaths of the unfit, such deaths acting beneficially on the race by limiting the production of unfit offspring. The majority of men among the civilized have children by one wife only, and she is generally about the same age as her husband. The effect of this is to reduce the age limit of reproduction in the man to that of the woman. A man, therefore, marrying a woman about his own age and possessing the power of propagation into advanced life, leaves no more children to inherit his superior death-resisting powers than the inferior man who dies at the age of 45. Monogamy in such a case reduces the superior man to the reproductive level of the inferior one, and robs the race of a number of individuals whose birth would diminish the racial tendency to disease in the later years and increase the racial span of life. The effect of monogamy, in fact, is to increase the racial tendency to disease after middle life and to shorten the vital span.—Medical Record.

Looking on the street I saw a slim girl in cap and apron carrying a fat child and followed by a stout-looking woman who seemed much better adapted to bearing heavy weights than the one who walked before her. A moment later a carriage passed. The horses were driven by a coachman in a distressingly faultless livery; his rigid uprightness reminded me of a pappoose strapped to a board. The sight of the cap and apron and the livery roused a rebellious feeling in me. I am trying to analyze it.

Is it not necessary that babies be cared for and that horses have drivers? Do I think less of the working woman than of the empty-handed woman who walks behind her? Certainly not, but why is the nurse labeled and her mistress not? Why is not the word "idler" written on the back or the forehead of the one if the word "nurse" must be written on the other? Why is not the word "robber" written on the women who ride in the carriage if the word "coachman" is written on the man who works for them?

I like seeing a cap on a cook; it is necessary to keep hairs out of the food. I like an apron on a waiter; it is necessary to protect his clothing. But I grow sad when I see unnecessary uniforming of servants, done to gratify the silly vanity of aristocrats who are proud of the very things which a higher degree of intelligence would lead them to be ashamed of.—Clara Dixon Davidson.

CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

CHAPTER VI.

The old pupils were again at Younkers and a few new ones. Ida Crawford came jolly and lively, with a smile for all. She was a universal favorite. Miss Gaskell, prim and severe as ever, met the young ladies as they were gathered together in the chapel and in a few cold, formal sentences bade them welcome. Miss Blake cordially greeted her old class, and they felt that she was indeed a friend. James Bryington had returned to the college and determined to see Ida as often as possible. They had so successfully carried out their plans that they felt no fear of discovery. Ida would be 18 the next April, and then they were fully resolved to get married.

"I don't care what papa and mama think; they never loved me or they would not have treated me so cruelly, and I know that James does love me and I'll marry him as soon as I can."

James was maturing a plan that he hoped and believed would bring happiness. Not far from the seminary there was a grove of trees and here James and Ida often met; but February was not a pleasant month for trysts, even for lovers. James had sent a note to Ida asking her to meet him at the old place. She managed to slip out unnoticed and hurried to the grove. James was waiting and greeted her tenderly.

"It is too cold for you to stay here, Ida; come with me, I want to show you something; it will not take long."

Ida took hold of his arm and he led her out of the grove and down the dark street to a large building, the lower part of which was a storeroom, now unoccupied, and the upper story had been fitted up for offices. James unlocked the door, led the way to a room upstairs, and said: "Wait a moment, dear, I will light a lamp." When the light brightened so that Ida could see her surroundings she exclaimed: "Oh, James, what a pretty room!" Then he explained that the building belonged to his uncle, and that he had furnished the room just for them.

"I could not think of you having to stay in the cold while we had our few words, the only comfort I have, so I have fixed up this room and we will enjoy ourselves as we have never done before."

Ida could not stay long, but promised to return as soon as possible, and her thoughts often reverted to the pretty comfortable room that James had so kindly fitted up for her comfort. She knew that if it were known that she went there alone and met her lover her reputation would be ruined and she would be an outcast; so she determined to carefully guard her secret. "I can take care of myself," she said.

They spent a part of several evenings in the room and found it so pleasant that they planned to arrange it so that for once they could stay as long as they wished. The next week Ida said:

"Miss Blake, do you remember Sara Turner?"

"Yes, she was in the fifth grade."

"She is here visiting her aunt and has invited me to spend the evening with her; may I go?"

"Certainly, I see no reason for refusing your request."

"I may not be home until late, may I have the latch key?"

"You must ask Miss Gaskell; she keeps the keys."

Ida's school record had been good and Miss Gaskell gave her the key, admonishing her to return as soon as she could politely do so.

"You will not return alone?"

"No, Sara's uncle will come with me."

Ida went and spent an hour with Sara and then, as it began to grow dark, said she must leave. As it was well known that all seminary girls were expected to be in at the tap of the bell, the friends did not try to detain her. When she came to the store room she found the door unlocked and knew that James was upstairs. She went in, fastened the door and went upstairs. There was a warm fire in the little stove, a bright light was burning and they enjoyed a long evening by themselves. They talked in low tones, though on that street there was little danger of being heard. James petted and caressed her, holding her close to him and pressing his lips to hers as she sat in his lap. There was silence for a few seconds and then he whispered: "Do you love me, dear?"

"Yes, and you only."

"How much do you love me?"

"I cannot measure my love."

"Do you love me enough to do anything for me?"

"Yes."

"Then"—and here followed a whisper.

"Oh, no, James."

"There is no harm in it, my love; we are the same as married, and as soon as you are of age we will marry and no one will know this."

She made no response, but hid her face on James' shoulder. He continued to caress her and said: "It must be as you say, Ida."

Remember they were young, full of life and vigor, and for the first time they were alone, and knew they could be alone for hours. Ida put her arms around James and as she drew his lips to hers she whispered, "I am yours, dear," and then gave herself to him completely. James intended to be all that a man should be, and when he said, as he left her at the seminary door, "I'll stand by you, dear, always," he meant it. But when two months later they were together and Ida whispered her fears to him he replied rather roughly: "Ida, I wish you wouldn't worry so, it's so foolish, and I can't enjoy myself as I used to."

"But, James, what am I to do?"

"I'll go to a doctor and he'll make it all right."

What effort James Bryington made, or how much he thought about it, does not concern us here. The days passed on and Ida heard nothing from him; then she wrote a letter, and waited with a sinking, despairing heart, but no reply. What could she do? An "outcast," a "fallen woman," "I cannot even pray," she moaned; "the god of purity abhors such as I."

Jennie Blake had noticed the change in the once gay Ida, and kindly inquired concerning her health. Ida assured her that she (Ida) was all right. But as time passed Ida could not hide her illness, though by lacings and other means she had succeeded in hiding her condi-

tion. She coughed and seemed to be so despondent that Jennie decided to have Ida spend the night in her room and to try and get the girl to open her heart to her. At first Ida made some excuse, but Jennie said:

"I will listen to no excuse; come at 7 o'clock, Ida; if you are not there at that time I will go to your room for you; you see you cannot escape me."

When Jennie had put away the last exercise, and brightened the fire, she went to her little cupboard and brought out some cake and tea.

"Now, we are going to have a real sociable time and nothing promotes sociability so much as something good to eat. I seldom have company, and now I am going to have a real good time. You know tomorrow is Saturday, and we can stay in bed a little longer than usual, so we can talk all we want to tonight."

She chatted gaily as she made the tea, and though she seemed to be very busy with her duties as hostess she watched Ida closely. "The child has something more than bodily illness," she said to herself. After they had enjoyed their lunch Jennie drew a large easy chair to the fire and sat down in it. There was a stool by the chair.

"Come here, dear Ida, and sit on this stool and we can talk better."

Ida did as requested, and Jennie put her arm around her and gave her a loving kiss. She stroked the girl's hair and said nothing. How few there are who know how to express sympathy silently. Suddenly Ida buried her face in Jennie's lap and burst into bitter weeping. Jennie asked no questions, but continued stroking Ida's hair and petting her. When the tempest had, in a measure, subsided she said: "What is the matter, Ida? Will you not tell me?"

"Oh, Miss Blake, I cannot, I cannot."

"Forget that I am your teacher; think of me as a dear friend, and one who is willing to aid you in every possible way."

"Oh, you would not be so kind if you knew all."

"Ida, tell me. I will be your friend, no matter what you have done."

"Ida had become calm, and with her face hidden she told her pitiful story, beginning at the first and hiding nothing, telling of all the stolen interviews, the little room, her surrender to her lover.

"But, oh, Miss Blake, he has deserted me now, and what shall I do?"

"Poor child, do not grieve, a way will be found out of this."

"Can I get rid of it?" Ida tremulously asked.

All night Ida and Miss Blake talked, and by morning Ida bravely said: "Now that I have found a friend, and understand these things better, I will be a true woman and bear this responsibility."

"I will help you in every way I can," Jennie replied.

That day Jennie wrote a note to Rollin Carr requesting him to call that morning, if convenient, and she told Miss Gaskell that Ida was sick and that she thought it would be better for her to stay in her (Jennie's) room. When Professor Carr came Jennie told him the story in a few words.

"The coward," he exclaimed. "James Bryington left college a month ago. Summoned home, so he said. I think I can find him."

"But, Rollin, what will you do when

you find him? I do not think when Ida knows for a certainty that James really has deserted her that she will want to see him."

"I will write to him, anyway, and see what he will say."

"Oh, Rollin, if the girl only had a true mother to whom she could go, but to have such a narrow-minded, afraid-of-Grundy one, it is a sorrowful outlook. I intend to befriend her even though everyone else turns against her."

"Brave little woman! I will aid you."

True to his promise, Professor Carr wrote to James Bryington and in a few days received an answer. He wrote:

"I do not know what you expect me to do. I used no force, she was willing, and, of course, I do not choose to spoil my future prospects by marrying a girl in her condition. I am willing to pay all expenses, but aside from that I will do nothing."

When the letter was taken to Jennie Blake she read it and said: "He is not worthy the name of man; I will let Ida know of this letter and see what she says."

As gently as possible Jennie told Ida of the letter, and when Ida asked for it she gave it to her. When Ida read it she said: "Do not mention him to me again. I will not touch a cent of his money. But, oh, Miss Blake, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Trust me, dear, you will never suffer want."

That night Jennie wrote a long letter to Mrs. Crawford, telling her of Ida's condition, and asking her to give a mother's love and help to her suffering daughter. "As you hope for mercy be merciful to Ida." An answer from both the father and mother of Ida was received saying "She is no longer our daughter."

Jennie took the girl in her arms and said: "Dear, you shall go to my home; do not worry, the time will come when these people will be more than sorry for this treatment."

When a substitute was found Jennie asked for a week to attend to important business. She left for Delville, taking Ida with her. She had written to her mother that she was coming home for a few days and would bring a friend. Mrs. Blake was kindhearted and the mother instinct was strongly developed. When Jennie had told her Ida's story; how the lover had deserted her, that the parents had disowned her—and asked: "Now, mother, will you be kind to her; will you be a mother to her?" Mrs. Blake answered: "I will take her mother's place; she shall have every care." Then she went to Ida's room, and, taking Ida to her heart, she said: "I know all about you, my dear child, don't worry, this is to be your home, and I have two daughters now instead of one."

Before Jennie left the sewing machine was taken into Ida's room and material and patterns provided for the little wardrobe. James Bryington and the Crawfords were not heard from again. Jennie put their letters on file. "Some time they may be useful," she said. She had exacted a promise from Ida to write once a week. At first the letters were short and sad, but before school closed the letters were cheerful and full of hope. She wrote of the little garments—how pretty and dainty they were, and how kind Mrs. Blake was. "She cuts them out and does all the machine work. I do the hand work, and making the little garments has filled my heart with love for the little one that is coming."

"There, that is as it should be," said Jennie.

(To be continued.)

